

1490. p/p. 74



THE  
P L A G U E  
OF  
MARSEILLES.  
A P O E M, &c.



[REDACTED]

THE  
PLATE  
OF



MARSEILLES  
A P O E M

[REDACTED]

THE  
P L A G U E  
O F  
M A R S E I L L E S :  
A  
P O E M .

---

By a Person of QUALITY.

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*Tristius baud illo Monstrum, nec scavior ulla  
Pestis & ira Deum Stygiis sese extulit undis.*  
VIRGIL.

---



L O N D O N :

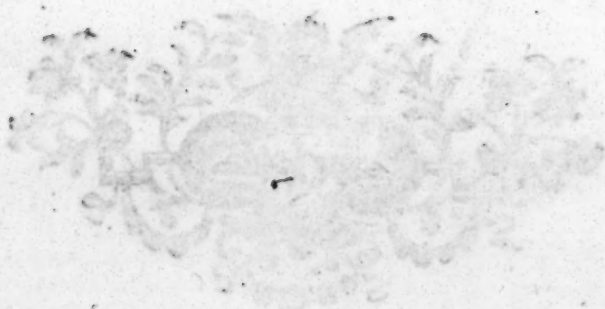
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(Price Six Pence.)

THE  
PLATE  
OF  
MARSEILLE



By a Person of QUALITY

Trusting that the above will be found to be  
a true and correct copy of the original  
VOLUME



LONDON:  
Printed for J. BARNARD, at the Hat and Shoe  
and J. MICKS, at the Dolphin and Crown  
in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1772.  
(Price 2s. 6d.)



TO THE  
READER.



*Hope I need not make any  
Apology for publishing  
this Poem, as incorrect  
as it is, since the Plague,  
the melancholy Subject of it, rages in  
a neighbouring Nation with such an  
unparallel'd Violence, that it seems  
to be the immediate Hand of God.  
And as it makes its Approaches nearer  
to us every day, I think it the Duty  
of every honest Man, to contribute as  
much as he can toward the quickning  
of the Nation to Repentance, by  
which it will best support it self, in  
that dreadful Crisis of Time, in that  
Day*

## To the Reader.

*Day of Wrath.* I must not forget to acquaint the Reader, that Bishop SPRAT has exhausted this Subject in his inimitable and excellent Poem on the Plague of Athens, from whom, I own, I have took some Hints (which indeed was almost unavoidable;) the Symptoms of this Plague answering in a great measure to those of the other. I make this ingenuous Confession, not in hopes of meriting any Pardon from the Reader for the Injustice I have done that Great Man, but for my own private Satisfaction; and I shall find my Account in this Performance, if it shall induce any Man to lay seriously to heart his present uncertain Condition, and arm him with a timely Repentance, against that Great and Terrible Day of the Lord.



THE



THE  
*Plague of* MARSEILLES:

A  
P O E M.

W H Y with such Care will poor deluded Man,  
His Moment shorten, and contract his Span?  
The Sport of ev'ry treach'rous Passion made,  
By all caress'd, and yet by all betray'd?  
He blindly hugs the faithless Guests within,  
Lost in the mazy Labyrinths of Sin.  
His God, by Earth-born Insolence defy'd,  
The Puny Mortal swells with Giant Pride;

And

8      *The Plague of Marfeilles :*

And scales the Sky, by fond Ambition driv'n  
To tempt the sacred Majesty of Heav'n :  
Assaults the Almighty's everlasting Throne,  
Nor lets him lay th' uplifted Thunder down.

Awake at length, thou drowsy World, awake ;  
Hear, O ye Realms and Kingdoms ! hear and shake !  
To see that Vengeance which you never felt,  
Rowse from this stupid Lethargy of Guilt.  
Rowse and attend to Heav'n's Decrees in hast,  
Or else this Sleep of Sin will be your last.

For lo! the Great J E H O V A H, from the Skies,  
Bears his red Arm, and bids his Vengeance rise :  
O'er all the Nations shakes his Iron Rod ;  
The World shall groan beneath the Hands of God.



Lo !

Lo ! the Destroying Angel, by Command,  
(The Heav'nly Sword all flaming in his Hand,) Leads out his Host of Judgments to their Prey,  
In dreadful Pomp, and terrible Array.  
I see, I see, the Sword of God display'd,  
In horrid Circles waves the brandish'd Blade.  
From far the formidable Glory streams,  
And shoots a baleful Length of dismal Beams.  
I see the purple Glutton gorg'd with Food,  
Pamper'd with Death, and surfeited with Blood.  
Grim Fate with Famine in the Front appear,  
Behind, the sweeping Pestilence and War.

Unhappy *Gallia* ! for what tow'ring Crimes,  
Unmatcht in Guilt, unparallel'd by Times,

B

Are

10 *The Plague of Marseilles :*

Are thy wide Realms to this Destruction giv'n?  
Thy Sons thrown out into the Wrath of Heav'n?  
That first thy Kingdoms are by Fate ordain'd  
To feel the Weight of the Almighty's Hand :  
Curst with the sad Pre eminence of Woe,  
That swept away whole Nations at a Blow.

The dreadful Pest from *Sidon's* guilty Shores,  
With fatal Course, reach'd fair *Maffilia's* Tow'rs.  
On Her she lavish'd her infectious Breath,  
Her Funds of Poison, and her Stores of Death.  
With a resistless Rage the Fury came,  
Nor could the Length of Oceans quench the  
Flame.

Wrapt on the gloomy Pinions of the Wind,  
She flew, and left her native Realms behind.

The

The loaded Winds were heard to groan and roar,  
As if they mourn'd the Ruin which they bore.

And now to aid the Pestilential Flame,  
From angry Heav'n a mortal Influence came.  
From fullen Stars the mingled Poisons flow,  
Who gleam Destruction on the World below.  
Like Comets shoot malignant Beams from Far,  
Like them with livid Plagues they taint the Air.  
High o'er the Walls the tow'ring Fury soars,  
Marks out the Realm, and measures round the  
Shores.

O'er the devoted Land extends her Bound,  
And draws the Line of Defolation round.

## 12     *The Plague of Marseilles :*

But oh ! what Numbers can be found to show,  
In all its Forms, th' Extravagance of Woe !  
In the soft Impotence of Tears to grieve,  
Is all, the sad Variety can give.  
The Scenes so vast, the Images so strong,  
They leave behind the Energy of Song.

The Pestilential Pow'rs the Haven seize,  
And blow in Death at once, and the Disease.  
From thence divided, the grim Terrors past  
Thro' ev'ry Street, and laid the City wast.  
What is this Victor whose unbounded Force,  
O'er Bulwarks breaks, with unresisted Course ?

Scorns

Scorns to attack, like other Foes, in Form,  
And takes, without a Siege, the Town by  
Storm.

While Nations feel his unrelenting Ire,  
And a whole People in one Groan expire.

The Foe first storm'd with his tremendous  
Train,

The Head, the fair Metropolis of Man :  
And seiz'd of that, the Purple Monster knew,  
It cou'd with Ease th' inferior Pow'rs subdue.  
In dizzy Rounds and Whirls the tortur'd Brain  
Confest th' Extremities of mortal Pain.  
That Seat of Reason, where the Soul of late,  
Reign'd o'er the rest, in Intellectual State,

Lies

14 *The Plague of Marseilles :*

Lies now dismantled by the barb'rous Foe,  
Who lays the towring Height of Reason low :  
And tears, (insulting o'er the gaudy Prey)  
The painted Scenes of Memory away.  
O'er the distracted Fancy wildly roam,  
Ten Thousand Images of Things to come.  
In all her Shapes, Confusion seems to rise,  
Eternal Horrors swim before their Eyes.  
As o'er their Minds the horrid Phantoms go,  
Ev'n now they feel th' imaginary Woe;  
But dread no greater Pains, no heavier Doom,  
Than what they suffer Here, before they come  
To the last cold Retirement of the Tomb.

Next

Next, to the Heart the swift Contagion came,  
And brought new Heats unto the nat'ral Flame.  
From thence the propagated Monster ran,  
Fir'd ev'ry Part, and boil'd in ev'ry Vein:  
Thro' all the Streams of Life its Course pursu'd,  
And follow'd round the circulating Blood.

The Lungs, whose vital Airs once fann'd the  
Heart,

Forget their Office now, and kindle ev'ry Part.

No more the Fibres with soft Breath inspire,

But blow the Flames, and aggravate the Fire.

Still the Contagious Pow'rs their Conquest  
stretch,

And bar up all the Avenues of Speech.

The

## 16 *The Plague of Marfeilles :*

The wild Infection grown more bold and strong,  
Untunes th' harmonious Organs of the Tongue.  
The Sap of Life, in ev'ry Vessel dries,  
And drinks the vital Juices as it flies.  
Gasping in Death, the Wretches strive in vain,  
With streaming Tears to calm the glowing  
Pain.

For ev'n their Tears are lost, the sad Relief  
To sooth the last Extremities of Grief :  
The spreading Flame exhausts the closing Eye,  
Drinks up, and leaves the Chrystal Sluices dry.  
Insatiate Tyrant ! whose unbounded Will,  
Not yet contented with the Pow'r to kill,  
Bids the poor dying Wretch, his Groans forego,  
His Groans, the common Charter of his Woe.

Deny'd

Deny'd to mourn the Miseries he bears,  
And barr'd th' unhappy Privilege of Tears.

Stay, dreadful Plague, thy rapid Fury stay,  
Lye down a while, and slumber o'er thy Prey:  
Allow thy busy Pestilence at least  
Some gentle Pause, some Interval for Rest.  
Dream of past Conquests o'er Destruction spread,  
Brood o'er thy Heaps, and Mountains of thy  
(Dead.

Ah no! the raging Monster scorns to hear  
The Force of Sighs, or Eloquence of Pray'r.  
What Arms, what Methods can withstand this  
(Foe,  
Who gathers Strength from ev'ry fatal Blow?

18 *The Plague of Marseilles :*

Unblest *Maffilia*! How wer't thou before,  
The lawful Pride of *Gallia*'s Southern Shore?  
From all his Bounds the Tributary Sea,  
Paid then the Homage of his Waves to Thee:  
Thy floating Tow'rs adorn'd thy guarded Side,  
And *Asia*'s Wealth flow'd in with ev'ry Tide.  
Such once was *Athens*, such her prosperous  
(State,  
Till such as Thine the Measures of her Fate.  
Oh ! could my Bosom with such Raptures  
(glow  
As \* His, who sung her memorable Woe.

So

---

\* Dr. Sprat.

So just my Fire, so regular my Rage,

Thy bleeding Wounds should stream thro' ev'ry

(Age:

With Thine Posterity should mix their Tears,

Thy Groans should eccho thro' the length of

(Years.

Yet those loud Groans, and these low Strains

(confess.

Thy Woes are greater, as my Skill is less.

How does the City mourn her dreadful Fate?

That pour'd forth Thousands once at ev'ry Gate.

How is the Queen of Nations fall'n from high?

How does she see her Tribes confus'dly die?

20 *The Plague of Marseilles :*

She that o'er Kingdoms rear'd her tow'ry Head,

And aw'd old *Ocean* in his inmost Bed :

Her wealthy Merchants then like Kings in

(Pow'r,

Her active Traffick stretcht from Shore to

(Shore.

But now the solitary Mother moans,

In all the Rage of Grief, her slaughter'd Sons:

So wept proud *Memphis*, when by Fury driv'n,

Her Tyrant dar'd th' Omnipotence of Heav'n.

When the destroying Angel from on High,

Flew charg'd with all the Terrors of the Sky.

On

On a proud pointed Pyramid he stood,  
Let loose the Plague, and pointed out its Road,  
And breath'd out all the Vengeance of his God.

But yet when *Ægypt* felt the mighty Woe,  
The Chosen Race escap'd the gen'ral Blow.  
The Angel read the Character Divine,  
Past by with Rev'rence, and ador'd the Sign :  
Of God's own Foes the First-born only flew,  
O'er all the rest he innocently flew ;  
Is such *Maffilia* thy distinguish'd Fate !  
Condemn'd to drink the Dregs of heav'nly  
Hate?

When

## 22 *The Plague of Marseilles :*

When the Commission'd Angel went abroad,  
On thy sad Doors he found no Pledge from God,  
No kind Divine Protection writ in Blood.

'Twas hence the delegated Vengeance ran,  
And flew thy Sons by Nations, not by Men.

Oh! with what Pangs I tremble to relate,  
The horrid Scenes, and Mysteries of Fate!  
The dreadful Spectacles of Death to view,  
And trace the vast Variety of Woe!

Old Age feels here th' inexorable Doom,  
There sinks the sprightly Youth in all his An  
(Bloom

In vain the Tim'rous would Protection find,  
The winged Fate arrests him from behind.

Soon

Soon as the Wretch resigns his tainted Breath,  
His last sad Gasp communicates his Death.  
The Fury now, her boundless Pow'rs to spread,  
Calls out again her Poisons from the Dead.  
From all th' envenom'd Mass of putrid Blood,  
She darts the pointed Pestilence abroad.  
So some brave Hero, when his Foe is slain,  
Tugs out his Spear, and launches it again.

Now ev'ry Street, a Pile of Death had  
(crown'd,  
his And one promiscuous Carnage heap'd the  
om (Ground.

What fatal Vapours from the Dead arise  
In livid Streams, and float along the Skies!

What

24 *The Plague of Marfeilles :*

What Clouds of Poison stain Heav'n's purer Ray,  
Taint the clear Air, and violate the Day !

A thousand Ways the swift Contagion takes,  
Flows with the Streams, or stagnates with the  
(Lakes.

O'er the wide Sea in fatal Triumph rides,  
Born high, and wafted by the bounding Tides.  
The Winds infected with the fatal Breath,  
Bear on their sooty Wings the Scents of Death :  
And each confed'rate Element ally'd,  
Declares for Heav'n, and scourges Human Pride.

Here, o'er her tender Babe, a Mother smil'd,  
And gaz'd with eager Fondness on the Child.

The clinging Infant to her Bosom prest,  
And strain'd the pleasing Burden to her Breast.

The little, lovely Innocent as yet

Hung at the Breast, unconscious of his Fate;

Nor thought he drew his Death, in that sad Hour,

From whence he drew the Means of Life before.

There lay the faithful Husband and his Wife,

A while both hover'd o'er the Verge of Life:

Now Hand in Hand thro' Death's dark Paths they

(move,

Nor the last Moment can divide their Love:

Still join'd, they share the universal Doom,

And mix their last Embraces in the Tomb.

## 26 *The Plague of Marfeilles :*

Here dying Fathers to their Sons bequeath,  
At once their Riches, and at once their Death.  
To the same Fate th' unhappy Sons resign'd,  
Soon leave the same sad Legacy behind.  
There too, the Merchants closing Eyes behold,  
His Heaps of Wealth, and Pyramids of Gold ;  
Tho' from the rifled East his Vessels come,  
And in proud Triumph bring all *Asia* Home.  
Yet what avail his Ships with Riches stor'd,  
To calm the Pains and Tortures of their Lord?  
Not his vast Treasures can extend his Date,  
Nor buy one Moment from the Hands of Fate.  
Others, who catch their Friends departing  
(Breath,  
Join in the dark Society of Death.

In vain each breaths his tributary Groan,  
For while they mourn his Fate, they meet their  
(own.

They take one melancholy last Embrace,  
Then sleep together in the Arms of Peace.

The Earth no more a kind Reception gave,  
The Dead crowd up the Chambers of the Grave:  
In num'rous Shoals the swarming Spectres go,  
And fleeting Crowds fill all the Realms below.  
Hell throws in vain her gloomy Portals wide,  
And stretches out her Bounds on ev'ry Side,  
Tho' yet too narrow for the mighty Tide.]

With Joy the Vulturs scent the distant Prey,  
And call in haste their feather'd Tribes away:

## 28 *The Plague of Marfeilles :*

Bent on the Banquet flies the gath'ring Crowd,  
And o'er the Dead descends the living Cloud.  
Lur'd by the Feast the hungry Salvage roves,  
Leaves his wild Mountains, and his native Groves.  
With fullen Pride, and with a stern Disdain;  
To gorge so largely on his Sovereign, Man,  
But e'er he tasted, from his Prey he fled,  
And fears his ancient Terror, now he's dead.  
From the dire Banquet hasts the greedy Guest,  
And finds a Famine in too full a Feast.

And now each gloomy Ghost, each wandering  
(Spright,  
Who sport and wanton in the Mask of Night :  
Who roam malignant thro' this World below,  
And triumph in th' Excess of Human Woe ;

O'er

O'er the tall Piles of Carcasses advance,  
And o'er the Wast of Desolation dance.  
In Consort mixt their midnight Revels ply,  
Nor see one solitary Face go by;  
The Stars alone their hideous Forms affright,  
And the sick Moon grows paler at the Sight.  
Genius of *Brittain*, with Indulgence hear,  
The Sighs of *Albion*, and the Poet's Pray'r,  
Exert thy utmost tutelary Care.

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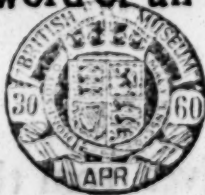
To curb this purple Tyrant's lawless Pow'r,  
Stretch thy auspicious Wings from Shore to  
(Shore.

To guard her Natives from the dire Disease,  
Oppose the watry Bulwark of her Seas.  
Screen all her Kingdoms from the fierce Attack,  
Bid the kind Tempests blow her Poisons back:

Bid

30 *The Plague of Marseilles :*

Bid the devouring Plague this Island spare,  
Nor stretch her Circle of Destruction here.  
Or if thy delegated Pow'r is gone,  
Fall low before Heav'n's everlasting Throne. }  
And make the Cause of *Britain's* Realm thy own.  
To stay the Vengeance of thy God appear,  
Arm'd with the sacred Violence of Pray'r.  
Present the Incense of thy *Britain's* Vows,  
Weigh down eternal Justice with her Woes.  
Till her Repentance wrests away the Rod,  
And sheath the Sword of an offended God.



*F I N I S.*

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